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Established June, 1765, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting readings, editorial, State, local and national news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

TAXES NOW READY AND PAYABLE

The City Shows an Increase in Valuation of Over Two Millions Over Last Year

The last day for paying city taxes is one week from next Thursday, August 31. The tax assessors are working day and night to get ready for the horde of people who are anxious to get rid of their surplus funds. The city was too poor this year to print a tax list for its taxpayers, so the aforesaid taxpayer will have to go to the Collector's office with sufficient money in hand to meet all demands. The rate is two dollars on a hundred, the same as last year. So in all probability the individual's taxes will not vary much from last year.

The assessors have just reached the bottom dollar of the city's valuation and report the total to be \$82,903,800.00, being an increase over last year of \$2,883,400.00. The real estate this year is valued at \$19,366,664.00, buildings and improvements \$28,221,370.00, tangible personal property \$7,223,302.00, making a grand total on which the tax rate is \$2.00, on a \$100.00, of \$54,793,900.00. The intangible personal property, on which the tax is fixed by state law at 40 cents on \$100.00, amounts to \$28,109,900.00. The total tax this year is \$1,208,817.60. Last year it was \$1,193,779.20.

Of the increase in the city's valuation this year \$2,070,600.00 is in intangible personal property. In all other kinds of property the increase is \$312,800.00.

The state law compelling the assessment of all taxes on June 15 hampered the assessors very much in getting the annual assessment made out in time to give the taxpayer an opportunity to consider the subject before payment is demanded.

OUR OLDEST SUMMER RESIDENT

Henry Clews, one of our oldest, if not the oldest, summer residents, and the dean of Wall street, celebrated his eighty-second birthday last Monday. He is Hale and hearty, and good for many more years to come. He is always a welcome figure in Newport. Born in Staffordshire, England, Mr. Clews studied for the ministry. While visiting New York with his father he decided to enter commercial life. At the age of 21, when the Civil War started, Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, appointed him government financial agent.

The Weir-Jeter Trio will give a sacred concert at the Y. M. C. A. on Sunday afternoon, August 27th, and should draw a large attendance. The trio consists of Professor H. Leonard Jeter cellist, Professor Felix F. Weir violinist, and Miss Olyve L. Jeter pianist. All are well known musicians who have frequently been heard in Newport. At present they are with the "Shuffle Along" Company, now playing to crowded houses in Boston.

Two Newport lobstermen, Lester Coggeshall and Norman Brownell, while pulling their pots in the bay, off Rose Island Monday morning, were run down by a large oil tank steamer and had narrow escapes from drowning. Their boat was badly damaged.

Mr. and Mrs. John Vars have returned to their home in Worcester, after spending some time in Newport.

FLEET DAY CELEBRATION

Wednesday was an ideal day for the big local celebration and entertainment for the men of the fleet. Although it was very hot throughout the day and evening, there was not a trace of the heavy fog that had prevailed during the preceding evening, and every sightseer seemed willing to brave the heat. At any rate, if any were kept at home during the evening, they were not missed, for it seemed as if every resident of Newport, with many from nearby places, was on Washington Square at some time during the evening. At times it was impossible to move in any direction, and the police barriers were once broken down with a sudden inflow of spectators into the dancing area, while the heat in the congestion was something terrific.

The center of the city never presented a more striking appearance than it did on Wednesday evening. Washington Square, in particular, was wonderfully decorated. The strings of variegated electric lamps were everywhere, while huge batteries of searchlights carefully focused gave a flood of illumination that made the center of the square as light as day. The floral decorations, too, were wonderful. Great floral pillars had been erected along the north side of the Mall, consisting of white hydrangeas draped about long poles and connected by streamers of the same variety. The great temporary bandstand, which had been erected directly across the car tracks, was also handsomely decorated and lighted, and when the bandmen in the uniform of the United States Navy filled the stand, the effect was very striking.

During the day there were many strangers in the city, but not all of them remained for the evening festivities. There were many auto loads that came in for the evening, and the suburban trolleys were well patronized, but there was no great influx from the outside world. As the celebration was for the men of the fleet, primarily, this made little difference.

A feature of the afternoon programme was the cutter race in the harbor between crews from the various ships of the fleet. The racers were divided in to two classes, one of whale boats from the destroyers, and the other of cutters from the battleships. The crew from the destroyer Goff won the former contest and the crew from the battleship Wyoming won the other. Much interest was taken in the contest and much enthusiasm was manifested.

On shore there were two features at the Government Landing—a baby carriage parade and a doll carriage parade. There were many entrants for each contest and the judges had considerable difficulty in making the awards. During the afternoon the Fort Adams band rendered a number of selections on the Government Landing.

The big affair of the day, however, was the "Block Party" on Washington Square in the evening. It was a new feature for Newport, one that had been much discussed in advance, and the result was certainly an enormous crowd, many of them drawn by curiosity to see what it was all about.

The picture was certainly beautiful, with the brilliantly illuminated and decorated square filled with gaily-dressed humanity. The crowds were everywhere. Every window in the neighborhood was jammed, and spectators climbed to every point of vantage that could possibly be reached.

Even the statue of Oliver Hazard Perry carried its group of boys, one youth being calmly perched upon the head.

The arrangements for the dance had been carefully planned and were as carefully carried out. Nothing indecorous was to be seen anywhere within the roped area. Chaperones, aides, police and Navy patrols were everywhere very much in evidence. All, including the dancers, had important duties to perform, and attended to them with the utmost gravity and seriousness. The throwing of confetti and serpentine was a part of the programme for the evening, and was scrupulously and decorously performed.

All the activity did not center on Washington Square, however. Along Thanes street, which was also within the illuminated area, there was rather more spontaneously of entertainment than in the more formal section.

Congdon's orchestra gave a good programme of music on the street and there were many informal gatherings.

When the dancing began on the Square at 8:00 o'clock it was practically impossible for the spectators to move in any direction, and the later comers were forced to seek the side streets to gain a view even from

a distance. After a few dances, however, the crowd began to thin out along the side lines, enough so that it was possible to pass up and down the sidewalk by moving with the crowd.

The police arrangements for handling the big crowd were excellent. Autos were parked in every available space along Broadway and the side streets where parking was allowed. Although they had thinned out very materially before the dance came to a close, it was no small task for the traffic officers to straighten out the sudden movement of cars after the last selection by the band.

Altogether, it was a notable occasion for Newport, and one that will be long remembered.

A FLYING PROPOSITION

The Newport Airway Inc., is the latest addition to the number of local corporations. It has been incorporated by several young men who have had wide experience in flying, headed by Mr. William F. Watson, Jr. An excellent landing place has been secured, suitable for either land or water machines, and a flying boat has been ordered as the first equipment of the corporation. By another summer the new organization is expected to be in full swing, ready to handle all the business that is offered.

Mr. Watson served as Lieutenant in the United States Air Forces during the war and flew both on this side and in France. He has maintained his interest since he was mustered out, and has made many prolonged air trips since. Being a member of the Reserve Officers Corps, he has had ample opportunity to keep in touch with the latest developments in flying.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening a communication was received from the board of health stating that two local soda fountain establishments were violating the regulation regarding the use of paper drinking cups and asked that the licenses be revoked. The communication was referred to the Chief of Police for investigation.

A petition for a license for a Spiritualistic seance and dance in Builders & Merchants' Hall was laid on the table, as the applicant was unknown to the board.

An effort was made to raise the number of hackney licenses from 100 to 105, but the board decided to stick by the established limit. A great deal of routine business was transacted.

What promises to be one of the greatest Rhode Island Kennel Club dog shows in years will open Saturday in Freebody Park, Newport, R. I. More than 550 dogs, representing all breeds of the present day, will be on their benches when Superintendent Charles E. O'Connor opens the doors for this one-day American Kennel Club licensed annual fixture.

The Old Stone Mill will be illuminated with flood lights on the evening of August 29th, when the costume ball and pageant will be held on the grounds of the Art Association. Inasmuch as the title of the pageant is The Viking, it is especially fitting that the Old Stone Mill should be a conspicuous feature.

Malbone Lodge, No. 93, New England Order of Protection, will hold an open meeting on Thursday evening, October 5, when it is hoped to have the Grand Warden of Rhode Island present. There will be an entertainment programme and good speaking.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Lynette King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter King, and Mr. Harold Congdon Anthony. The ceremony will take place at the home of the bride's parents on Tuesday evening, September 5, at 6:30 o'clock.

Orders have been issued from the Navy department to continue Master Mechanic J. J. Moore on active duty for another period of two years. This follows the issuing of an executive order to that effect by President Harding.

The board of sinking fund commissioners of the City of Newport have elected Colonel Edward A. Sherman chairman in place of George Gordon King, deceased.

Mr. Crocker Landers of Boston is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Landers, Jr.

Work has been begun on the addition to the surgical building at the Newport Hospital.

EARL P. MASON

Mr. Earl P. Mason, a former well known resident of Newport, died at his home in Summit, N. J., on Sunday, after a comparatively short illness. He had a wide circle of friends in this city, who were greatly shocked to learn of his untimely death. He was forty-five years of age.

Mr. Mason was born in Providence, the son of Mr. A. Livingston Mason, who afterward removed to Newport to make his home on Haldon Hill. Mr. Mason was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, with an excellent record, and soon after opened the Newport Engineering Works in this city, where he built up a large business. He was active in the Masonic fraternity and served as Master of St. John's Lodge in 1907. He had served two terms in the old City Council, and was quite active in the Republican party.

At the first entrance of the United States into the World War, Mr. Mason was commissioned in the Naval Reserve and was assigned to important duty in connection with the Newport station, being promoted to Lieutenant commander. He was later transferred to Hoboken and was active in the gigantic task of quickly repairing the seized German liners which had been badly damaged by their crews. There he made a splendid record, and his services were welcomed by the United States Shipping Board after the close of the war.

Mr. Mason leaves a wife, who was Miss Mary Agnes Walsh of this city, and several children. He is also survived by his father and two sisters.

MRS. LEWIS BROWN

Mrs. Julia Ellery Brown, widow of Lewis Brown, died at her home on Bedlow avenue on Monday, after a short illness, in her seventy-sixth year. She was a daughter of the late Darius Ellery Barker and had spent her entire life in Newport. Her husband had served as postmaster, and was long active in the counsels of the Democratic party, having a wide acquaintance all over the State.

She is survived by two sons, Mr. J. Stacy Brown of New York and Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis Brown, U. S. A., and one daughter, Miss Julia Brown of New York.

In response to many inquiries regarding the history of the George Howland estate, at the corner of Spring and Touro streets, Mr. James S. Hazard finds that it was willed by Jacob Barney to his son Robert, and was sold by the latter to John Earle on May 15th, 1797, the "mansion house" being on the property at that time. On March 25th, 1829, John Earle sold the property to George Howland. The work of raising the building to build stores underneath is progressing steadily. The new owner is Carlo Fiero.

Good progress is being made on the grounds of the new Golf and Country Club, and when the golf course is completed, it is expected to be one of the very finest in the country. It is now planned to have the formal opening of the Club on July 4, 1923, at which time the club house, golf course, and tennis courts are expected to be in excellent condition. New applications for stock in the corporation are being received regularly, and the new organization will start off under very promising auspices.

Notices have been received by the members of Kolah Grotto outlining the plans for the big gathering in Worcester next month. According to the advance announcements, that city is planning to lay herself out for the entertainment of the Prophets and the occasion promises to be a busy and pleasing one. There are many prizes offered for different events, and Kolah will be on the list of entrants of most of them.

The invitation tennis tournament at the Casino has attracted much attention this week. There was an excellent list of entrants, including some of the crack players of the world, and some splendid contests have developed. All the boxes were sold long before the tournament began and there has been a large attendance. As the contests become warmer and the field is more reduced, even greater interest is developing.

Less than two weeks remain in which to pay taxes without incurring a penalty. Inasmuch as there are no printed tax books this year, most people are very much at sea as to what they will have to pay or their neighbors will have to pay for similar holdings. There is much dissatisfaction expressed over the lack of the books.

The Trask Artesian Well Company, which started operations at the Berkeley School last week, have already gone down about 70 feet through shale. The work is being done on the south side of the well.

Frank Reise, 16 year old son of Anton and Frances Reise, was drowned while bathing at Sandy

LIQUOR VESSEL HERE

The water front of Newport was somewhat stirred last Saturday evening, when an alleged rum-runner was brought in here under guard of the United States vessel Hahn, which has been engaged with other small boats in preventing the landing of liquors on the Atlantic shores. The captured vessel was the schooner Marlin of Nova Scotia. The two vessels lay at Sullivan's wharf for some time, while the officers were making reports and completing their arrangements, and later was taken to Providence and tied up at the State Pier.

As the Marlin was flying the British flag, the United States authorities are taking precautions to avoid international complications. It was stated that the schooner was well inside Block Island when captured, but this the Captain denies. Mr. J. A. Sullivan of this city has been retained as counsel for the Captain of the schooner, and will make every effort to see that his rights are protected.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Newport County Women's Republican Club on Thursday afternoon, the principal address was delivered by Congressman Clark Burdick, who took for his topic "The Duties of a Congressman." Mr. Burdick spoke of the importance of the coming election in November, when the people of Rhode Island, he said, will elect a Republican to succeed Senator Gerry. Mr. Burdick's address was very interesting and gave the ladies an opportunity to learn more about how a member of Congress spends his time while laboring for his constituents at the Nation's capital.

All the members of the Wanamonty Golf and Country Club have been invited to the famous links of M. T. Safford Tailor on Sunday, when an interesting foursome will be played by some of the crack golfers.

On account of the absence of coal in the local yards and the consequent inactivity there, the coal dealers will close their plants from Friday night until Monday morning for the present.

August is more than half gone, and winter will soon be upon us. If the next few Sundays bring pleasant weather, there should be a large number of visitors in the city.

The total collection among the Newport business men and others for Fleet Day amounted to about \$1800.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)
Meeting of Town Council

The regular business meeting of the town council and probate court was held in the town hall on Monday afternoon, with all the members present.

In the town council, a petition from the residents of Island Park was received, asking for permission for a man from Tiverton to remove garbage from the Park.

The petition of Emma Eastwood for a victualler's license was granted. William A. Smith was appointed police constable for Prudence Island.

It was voted to meet to make a preliminary canvass of the voting list Tuesday, September 5, at 7:30 p. m. The following special constables were appointed for the Newport County Fair:—J. Fred Sherman, Frank P. Sherman, Alton P. Sherman, Borden C. Anthony, William A. S. Cummings, Charles Gifford, William T. II. Sowle, William B. Anthony, Arthur A. Sherman, Ernest I. Sisson, William C. Main and Henry C. Anthony, Jr.

Victor I. Miller was appointed forest warden for Prudence Island.

A number of bills were received and ordered paid.

In the probate court, the petition of George R. Hicks, to erect a stone at the grave of Letitia T. Freeborn, was allowed.

The will of Manuel S. Lopes was proved and ordered recorded, and letters testamentary were ordered issued to Anna V. Lopes. Personal bond was required in the sum of \$2000. Warren R. Sherman was appointed appraiser.

An inventory of the estates of Bradford C. Louise E. and Josephine H. Brayton were allowed and ordered recorded.

A special meeting of the Colonel William Barton Chapter, D. A. R., was held recently in the chapter house, the regent, Mrs. Philip L. Wilbur, presiding. Plans were made for a celebration to be held on August 23, commemorating the Battle of Rhode Island. The speaker of the afternoon will be former Lieutenant-Governor Roswell B. Borchard of Little Compton.

The plans for the bazaar to be given August 24 for the benefit of the Portsmouth Free Library are maturing. Ex-Governor Beeckman has kindly consented to be present and address the people.

The CROSS-CUT

by Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATIONS
by R.B.Van Nise

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—At Thornton Fairchild's death his son Robert learns there has been a dark period in his father's life which for almost thirty years has caused him suffering. The secret is hinted at in a document left by the elder Fairchild, which also informs Robert he is now owner of a mining claim in Colorado, and advising him to see Henry Beauchamp, lawyer.

CHAPTER II.—Beauchamp tells Robert his claim, a silver mine, is at Ghadi, thirty-eight miles from Denver. He also warns him about a certain man, "Squint" Rodaine, his father's enemy. Robert decides to go to Ghadi.

CHAPTER III.—On the road to Ghadi from Denver Fairchild assists a girl, apparently in a frenzy of haste, to change a tire on her auto. When she left, the sheriff and a posse appeared in pursuit of a bandit. Fairchild, bowlered, minded them as to the direction the bandit had taken.

CHAPTER IV.—At Ghadi Fairchild is warmly greeted by "Mother" Howard, boarding-house keeper, for his father's sake.

CHAPTER V.—From Mother Howard, Fairchild learns of the arrival of the world-famous mining engineer Maurice Rodaine, his father's co-worker in the mine. He meets the girl he had assisted, but she denies her identity. She is Anita Richmond, Judge Richmond's daughter.

CHAPTER VI.—Visiting his claim, Fairchild is shadowed by a man he recognizes from descriptions as "Squint" Rodaine. In Ghadi, his father's old friend, Harry Harkins, a Cornishman, summoned from England by Beauchamp to help Fairchild, tells him with joy.

CHAPTER VII.—The pair find the mine flooded and have not sufficient funds to have it pumped dry. Later, in the day "Squint" Rodaine announces that he practically saw Harkins fall into the flooded mine, and evidently is drowned.

CHAPTER VIII.—Harkins being a general favorite, the entire population turns out to "clear the dead" mine. When that is accomplished, Harry appears, apparently surprised, to find that he had been "drawn" into this mine to "get the mine pumped out without cost to himself or Fairchild, and the men take it as a good joke.

CHAPTER IX.—Fairchild learns that Judge Richmond is dying, and that he and Anita are in the power of the Rodaines. They begin, as partners, to work the mine, their hearts with fear. Fairchild is killed by a Thorntown Fairchild and his body buried by a car in which destroyed the mine. At the "Old Times Ball" Fairchild dances with Anita, to the discomfiture of Maurice Rodaine, son of "Squint," supposed to be engaged to the girl. A bandit holds up the dance and shoots a mercenary, Maurice Rodaine claims he recognized the bandit as Harkins. The latter is arrested. Fairchild interfered to save Anita from the punishment of the two Rodaines, and is mystified at Anita's apparent ingratitude

CHAPTER X

The Rodaines were on the sidewalk when Fairchild came forth from the Richmond home, and true to his instructions from the frightened girl, he brushed past them swiftly and went on down the street, not turning at the muttered invectives which came from the crooked lips of the older man, not seeming even to notice their presence as he hurried on toward Mother Howard's boarding house. In his weary bed he sought to think, but in vain.

After hours, daylight began to streak the sky. Fairchild, dull, worn by exertion and fatigue, strove to rise, then laid his head on the pillow for just a moment of rest. And with that perversity which extreme weariness so often exerts, his eyes closed, and he slept—to wake at last with the realization that it was late morning, and that some one was pounding on the door. Fairchild raised his head.

"Who is it?"

"No one you know—yet. I've come to talk to you about your partner. May I come in?"

"Yes." Fairchild was fully alive now to the activities that the day held before him. The door opened, and a young man, alert, almost cocky in manner, with black, sunny eyes showing behind horn-rimmed glasses, entered and reached for the sole chair that the room contained.

"My name's Farrell," he announced. "Randolph P. Farrell. And to make a long story short, I'm your lawyer." "My lawyer?" Fairchild stared. "I haven't any lawyer in Ghadi. The only—"

"That doesn't alter the fact. I'm your lawyer, and I'm at your service. And I don't mind telling you that it's just about my first case. Otherwise, I don't guess I'd have gotten it."

"Why not?" The frankness had driven other queries from Fairchild's mind. Farrell, the attorney, grinned cheerfully.

"Because I understand it concerns the Rodaines. Nearly everybody has a little money stuck into their enterprises. And seeing I have no money at all, I'm not financially interested. And not being interested, I'm wholly just, fair and willing to fight 'em to a standstill. Your partner's in jail, as I understand it. Guilty or not guilty?"

"Wa—wait a minute! Who hired you?" Then with a sudden inspiration: "Mother Howard didn't go and do this!"

"Mother Howard? You mean the woman who runs the boarding house? Not at all."

"But—"

"I'm not exactly at liberty to state." Suspicion began to assert itself.

"Under those conditions, I don't believe—"

"Don't say it! Don't get started along those lines. I know what you're thinking. Knew that was what would happen from the start. And against the wishes of the person who hired

me for this work, I—well, I brought the evidence. Here, take a glimpse and then throw it away, tear it up, swallow it, or do anything you want to with it, just as nobody else sees it. Ready? Look."

He drew forth a small visiting card. Fairchild glanced. Then he looked—and then he sat up straight in bed. For before him were the engraved words:

"Miss Anita Natalie Richmond."

While across the card was hastily written, in a hand distinctively female:

"Mr. Fairchild: This is my good friend. He will help you. There is no fee attached. Please destroy."

"Anita Richmond."

"Bu—but I don't understand."

"You know Miss—er—the writer of this card, don't you?"

"But why should she—?"

Mr. Furrell grinned broadly.

"I see you don't know Miss—the writer of this card at all. That's her nature. Besides—all, all she's got to do with me is crook her finger and I'll jump through. I'm—none of your business. But, anyway, here I am—"

Fairchild could not restrain a laugh. There was something about the man, about his nervous, yet boyish way of speaking, about his enthusiasm, that wiped out suspicion and invited confidence. The owner of the Blue Poppy mine leaned forward.

"But you didn't finish your sentence about—the writer of that card."

"You mean—oh—well, there's nothing to that. I'm to love with her. Been in love with her since I've been knee-high to a duck. So're you? So's every other human being that thinks he's a regular man. So's Maurice Rodaine. Don't know about the rest of you—but I haven't got a chance. Don't let it bother you. The problem right now is to get your partner out of jail. How much money have you got?"

"Only a little more than two thousand."

"Not enough. There'll be bonds on four charges. At the least, they'll be around a thousand dollars apiece. Probabilities are that they'll run around 'em thousand for the bunch. How about the Blue Poppy?"

"I don't know what it's worth."

"Neither do I. Neither does the judge. Neither does any one else. Therefore, it's worth at least ten thousand dollars. That'll do the trick. I'd suggest now that you get up, seize your deeds and accompany me to the palace of justice. Otherwise, that partner of yours will have to eat dinner in a place called In undignified language the houseboy!"

Soon Fairchild was dressed and walked hurriedly up the street with the volume attorney. A half-hour more and they were before the court, Fairchild, the lawyer and the jail-worn Harry, his mustache fluttering in more directions than ever.

"Not guilty, Your Honor," said Randolph P. Farrell. "May I ask the extent of the bond?"

The judge adjusted his glasses and studied the information which the district attorney had laid before him.

"In view of the number of charges and the seriousness of each, I must fix an aggregate bond of five thousand dollars, or twelve hundred fifty dollars for each case."

"Thank you; we had come prepared for more. Mr. Fairchild, who is Mr. Harkins' partner, is here to appear as bondsman. The deeds are in his name alone, the partnership existing, as I understand it, upon their word of honor or between them. I refer, Your Honor, to the deeds of the Blue Poppy mine. Would Your Honor care to examine them?"

His Honor would. His Honor did. For a long moment he studied them, and Fairchild, in looking about the courtroom, saw the bailiff in conversation with a tall, thin man, with squint eyes and a scar-marked forehead. A moment later, the judge looked over his glasses.

"Bailiff!"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Have you any information regarding the value of the Blue Poppy mining claims?"

"Sir, I have just been talking to Mr. Rodaine. He says they're well worth the value of the bond."

"How about that, Rodaine?" The judge peered down the courtroom.

"They'll do," was his answer, and the judge passed the papers to the clerk of the court.

"Bond accepted. I'll set this trial for November 11."

"Very well, Your Honor." Then he turned with a wide grin to his clients. "That's all until November."

Out they filed through the narrow aisle of the courtroom, Fairchild's knee brushing the trouser leg of Squint Rodaine as they passed. At the door, the attorney turned toward them, then put forth a hand.

"Drop in any day this week and we'll go over things," he announced cheerfully. "We put one over on his royal jibots that time, anyway. Hates me from the ground up. Worst we can hope for is a conviction and then a Supreme court reversal. I'll get him so mad he'll fill the case with errors. He used to be an instructor down at Boulder, and I stuck the pages of a lecture together on him one day. That's



"Bond Accepted—I'll Set This Trial for—"

why I asked for an early trial. Knew he'd give me a late one. That'll let us have time to stir up a little favorable evidence, which right now we don't possess. Understand—all money that comes from the mine is held in escrow until this case is decided. But I'll explain that. Going to stick around here and bask in the effulgence of really possessing a case. S'long!"

And he turned back into the courtroom, while Fairchild, the dazed Harry stalking beside him, started down the street.

"How do you figure it?" asked the Cornishman at last.

"What?"

"Rodaine. E 'elped us out!"

Fairchild stopped. It had not occurred to him before. But now he saw it: that if Rosalie, as an expert on mining, had condemned the Blue Poppy, it could have meant only one thing, the denial of bond by the Judge and the lack of freedom for Harry. Fairchild rubbed a hand across his brow.

"I can't figure it," came at last. "And especially since his son is the accuser and since I got the best of them both last night!"

"Got, the best of 'em? You?"

The story was brief in its telling. And it brought no explanation of the sudden unavailability displayed by the crooked-faced Rodaine. They went on, striving vainly for a reason, at last to stop in front of the post office, as the postmaster leaned out of the door.

"Your name's Fairchild, isn't it?" asked the person of letters.

"Yes."

"Thought so. Some of the fellows said you was. There's been a letter for you here for two days."

"For me?" Vaguely Fairchild went within and received the missive, a plain, bold envelope without a return address. He turned it over and over in his hand before he opened it—then looked at the postmark—Denver. At last:

"Open it. Why don't you?"

Harry's mustache was tickling his ear, as the big winner stared over his shoulder. Before them were figures and sentences which blurred for a moment, finally to resolve into:

"Mr. Robert Fairchild,

"Ohadi, Colorado.

"Dear Sir:

"I am empowered by a client whose name I am not at liberty to state, to make you an offer of \$50,000 for your property in Clear Creek County, known as the Blue Poppy mine." In reply, Fairchild's face showed that he was not the only one who had been surprised.

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"Mr. Robert Fairchild,

"Ohadi, Colorado.

"Dear Sir:

"I am empowered by a client whose name I am not at liberty to state, to make you an offer of \$50,000 for your property in Clear Creek County, known as the Blue Poppy mine." In reply, Fairchild's face showed that he was not the only one who had been surprised.

"For me?" Vaguely Fairchild went within and received the missive, a plain, bold envelope without a return address. He turned it over and over in his hand before he opened it—then looked at the postmark—Denver. At last:

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Newport & Providence Street Ry Co.

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence
WEEK DAYS—6:50, 7:40, 8:50 A.M., then each hour to 8:50 P.M.
SUNDAYS—7:50 A.M., then each hour to 9:50 P.M.

THE CROSS-CUT

Continued from Page 2
before him, and once more shielded it with his big hand. A step—two, then:

"Look—there—over by the foot-wall!"

Fairchild forced his eyes in the direction designated and stared intently. At first it appeared only like a succession of disjointed, broken stones, lying in struggling fashion along the footwall of the drift where it widened into the slope, or upward slant on the vein. Then, it came forth clearer, the thin outlines of something which clutched at the heart of Robert Fairchild, which sickened him, which caused him to fight down a sudden, panicky desire to shield his eyes and to run—a heap of age-denuded bones, the scraps of a miner's costume still clinging to them, the heavy shoes protruding in comically tragic fashion over bony feet; a huddled, cramped skeleton of a human being!

They could only stand and stare at it—this remainder of a tragedy of a quarter of a century ago. Their lips refused to utter the words that strove to travel past them; they were two men dumb, dumb through a discovery which they had forced themselves to face, through a fact which they hoped against, each more or less silently, yet felt sure must, sooner or later, come before them. And now it was here.

And this was the reason that twenty years before, Thornton Fairchild, white, grim, had sought the aid of Harry and of Mother Howard. This was the reason that a woman had played the part of a man, to all appearances only one of three disappointed miners seeking a new field. And yet—

"I know what you're thinking." It was Harry's voice, strangely hoarse and weak. "I'm thinking the same thing. But it isn't true. Dead men don't always mean they've died—in a way to cast reflections on the man that was with 'em. Do you get what I mean? You're awful!" And he looked hard into the cramped, suffering face of Robert Fairchild—"that you were going to 'old your father innocent. So in I. We don't know, Boy, what went on 'ere. And we've got to 'ope for the best."

Then, while Fairchild stood motionless and silent, the big Cornishman forced himself forward, to stoop by the side of the heap of bones which once had represented a man, to touch gingerly the clothing, and then to bend nearer and hold his crumpled close to some object which Fairchild could not see. At last he rose and with old, white features, approached his partner.

"The appearances are against us," came quietly. "There's a 'ole in 'is skull that a Jury'll say was made by a single jack. It'll even like some one 'ad killed 'im, and then caved in the mine with a box of powder. But 'e's gone, Boy—your father—I mean. 'E can't defend 'imself. We've got to take 'is part."

"Maybe—" Fairchild was grasping at the final straw—"maybe, it's not the person we believe it to be at all. It might be somebody else—who had come in here and set off a charge of powder by accident and—"

But the shaking of Harry's head stilled the momentary ray of hope.

"No, I looked. There was a watch—all covered with mold and mildew. I pried it open. It's got Larsen's name inside!"

CHAPTER XII.

Again there was a long moment of silence, while Harry stood pawing at his mustache and while Robert Fairchild sought to summon the strength to do the thing which was before him. All the sadness of the old days had come back to him, ghosts which would not be driven away; memories of a time when he was the grubbing, though willing slave of a victim of fear—of a man whose life had been wrecked through terror of the day when intruders would break their way through the debris, and when the discovery would be made. And it had remained for Robert Fairchild, the son, to find the hidden secret, for him to come upon the thing which had caused the agony of nearly thirty years of suffering, for him to face the alternative of again placing that gruesome find into hiding, or to square his shoulders before the world and take the consequences.

There was no time to lose in making his decision. Beside him stood Harry, silent, morose. Before him—Fairchild closed his eyes in an attempt to shut out the sight of it. But still it was there, the crumpled heap of tattered clothing and human remains, the awry, heavy shoes still shielding the fleshless bones of the feet. He turned blindly, his hands groping before him.

"Harry," he called, "Harry! Get me out of here—I can't stand it!"

Wordlessly the big man came to his side. Wordlessly they made the trip back to the hole in the cave-in and then followed the trail of new-hewn track to the shaft. Up—up—the trip seemed endless as they jerked and pulled on the weighted rope, that

their shaft bucket might travel to the surface. Then, at the mouth of the tunnel, Robert Fairchild stood for a long time staring out over the soft hills and the radiance of the snowy range, far away. It gave him a new strength, a new determination. His eyes brightened with resolution. Then he turned to the faithful Harry, waltzing in the background.

"There's no use trying to evade anything, Harry. We've got to face the music. Will you go with me to notify the coroner—or would you rather stay here?"

"I'll go."

Silently they trudged into town and to the little undertaking shop which also served as the office of the coroner. They made their report, then accompanied the officer, together with the sheriff, back to the mine and into the drift. There once more clambered through the hole in the cave-in and on toward the beginning of the slope. And there they pointed out their discovery.

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Late that night, as they were engaged at their usual occupation of relating the varied "happenings" of the day to Mother Howard, there came a knock at the door. Instinctively, Fairchild bent toward her.

"Your name's out of this—as long as possible."

She smiled in her mothering, knowing way. Then she opened the door, there to find a deputy from the sheriff's office.

"They've impaneled a jury up at the courthouse," he announced. "The coroner wants Mr. Fairchild and Mr. Harkins to come up there and tell what they know about this here skeleton they found."

It was the expected. The two men went forth, to find the street about the courthouse thronged, for already the news of the finding of the skeleton had traveled far, even into the little mining camps which skirted the town. Everywhere were black crowds under the faint street lamps. The basement of the courthouse was illuminated; and there were clusters of curious persons about the stairways. Through the throngs started Harry and Fairchild, only to be drawn aside by Farrell, the attorney.

"I know what you're thinking." It was Harry's voice, strangely hoarse and weak. "I'm thinking the same thing. But it isn't true. Dead men don't always mean they've died—in a way to cast reflections on the man that was with 'em. Do you get what I mean? You're awful!" And he looked hard into the cramped, suffering face of Robert Fairchild—"that you were going to 'old your father innocent. So in I. We don't know, Boy, what went on 'ere. And we've got to 'ope for the best."

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Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, August 19, 1922

The proposed scheme of digging from the bottom of the sea the six millions or more lost in the Lusitania, which we were told a few weeks ago was to be done at once, if not sooner, has been postponed till more money can be raised to finance the scheme. Which will probably not be soon. People are apparently a little shy of sending good money after that which has been long buried in the briny deep.

The present United States Senate contains sixty Republicans and thirty-six Democrats; the House of Representatives has 299 Republicans, 131 Democrats, one Socialist. It is not expected that the next Congress, to be elected in November, will be so overwhelmingly Republican. The Democrats will hardly be able to wipe out all that majority though. It is a safe bet that the Republicans will have a safe working majority in both branches of the next Congress.

When Senator Henry Cabot Lodge filed his papers for renomination to the U. S. Senate the other day, he had 63,000 signatures attached to them. The Republicans of that state have filed the names of two candidates for governor, the Democrats four. The Republicans have two candidates for Lieutenant-governor, the Democrats three; the Republicans have six candidates for attorney general and three for auditor, while the Democrats go light on these latter offices, with only one each.

Uncle Sam called in and cancelled during the last fiscal year \$340,733,900 of his Liberty bonds. This is a pretty good showing, and if the pace is kept up the year 2000 may see him out of debt, that is, if he does not get into another war. However, Secretary Mellon says these payments were made on special account and should not be taken to indicate any general payment of bonded indebtedness. Thus at one fell swoop dashes our hopes of getting out of debt. We shall probably have to pay war taxes some generations longer.

The Senate has set today as the time to take the final vote on the tariff bill, which that body has been laboring over for more than a year. But that will not be the end of the tariff question. It will then go back to the House and be discussed, nobody knows how long, the House will then disagree with the Senate, and request a committee of conference. That committee will fight it out for months. The tariff question we have always with us. When the next but one or more generations after this, and perhaps the next, comes on the scene Congress will be discussing the tariff.

Hearst is sure to be nominated by the Democrats for Governor of New York, so says Hearst's manager, William J. Conners of Buffalo. "Mr. Hearst's name is going to the convention," Mr. Conners said with positiveness. "Nothing can stop it. That is positive. Mayor Hylan is not a candidate, and cannot be made a candidate. I know what I am talking about. Mr. Hylan will be right there at the convention, working for Mr. Hearst." This is not pleasing news to the old liners. They had hoped to head Hearst off with either Mayor Hylan or ex-Governor Smith, but it would seem that such a hope had vanished.

There is very little excitement in this state as yet over the coming elections. We are not blessed with the state-wide primary law, consequently politics is not the daily food three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, as it is in some of our neighboring states. For which we are truly grateful. At the present time there is little excitement over candidates, for it is pretty well known who they will be on both of the leading tickets, and all the people have to do is to decide for whom they will vote in November, and when the time comes go to the polls and cast their votes for the candidates of their choice.

Providence is getting to be a city of conventions. Since the new Biltmore Hotel came into existence the city is in condition to handle a crowd, and what is more can feed and house the crowd. All the conventions that have been held there this summer have been well taken care of, and the people have gone away well pleased. With Newport as a show place for their guests, and Narragansett Bay as an amusement centre, there is no better place in the world to give satisfaction to a multitude from any part of the country. We hope this habit will grow till Providence gets to be the great convention city of the country. Newport will do all in its power to help on the good work.

WILL IT BE LIGHT WINES AND BEER?**"THE PUBLIC BE DAMNED"**

The result of the poll being conducted by the Literary Digest, on the liquor question, to date is as follows: Those in favor of a strict enforcement of the eighteenth amendment and the Volstead Law, 236,329; those in favor of amending the Volstead Law so as to admit of the sale of light wines and beer, 253,009; those in favor of repealing the prohibition amendment 128,600. It would seem from the above that the chances of repealing the law entirely are very slim, but that the "light wines and beer" amendment has many supporters. The vote reported above is from male voters. The Digest sent out 2,000,000 ballots to women voters. Those ballots had not come in to any extent at the last issue of the paper. It is curious to notice the votes in the various states. New England 24,428 for modification, 21,413 for enforcement, and 14,258 for repeal. The great states of the Middle and Northwest gave a small plurality in favor of strict enforcement of the law. The largest opposition vote came from states where there are the greatest number of large manufacturing establishments employing the largest proportion of foreign labor. In no state was the vote for repeal of the law equal to that for strict enforcement.

Some modification of the Volstead Act will, without doubt, be one of the principal issues of the fall political campaign. Already it is showing itself in the selection of Congressional candidates. The "wets" claim that if they can defeat fifty "dry" congressmen, then they can do what they please with the Volstead Act.

The coal industry of the United States is one complete iron-bound, hermetically sealed monopoly. The operators and the operatives have the public by the throat, and they are constantly tightening the grip. There is no relief in sight. The public would not be benefitted if the Government took over the mines and operated them. We had one experience in that line when the Government undertook to operate the railroads in wartime. One trial is sufficient.

THE ONLY NEWPORT

Sunday was the first pleasant day we had seen for a week, and apparently most of the world took advantage of it to come to Newport. It is estimated that more than seven thousand autos were in Newport that day. There was a double line on Broadway most of the time. Notwithstanding the bad weather we have had this summer there have been more transients, commonly known as trippers, in Newport this season than ever before. Perhaps that is owing to the fact that there are more autos in the country than ever before, but probably it is owing to the fact that there is only one Newport of its kind in the country, and its fame as the most charming spot in America is becoming more widespread every year. A few seasons ago the writer was down on Marblehead, and going up on the highest point of the shore sat down beside an old man, who immediately asked, "Where do you come from?" Being answered "Newport," the old man looked up quickly and responded: "Newport! That is where all the Nabobs live, isn't it?" It would seem that the denizens of the off-shore Marblehead had heard of Newport and knew where to place it.

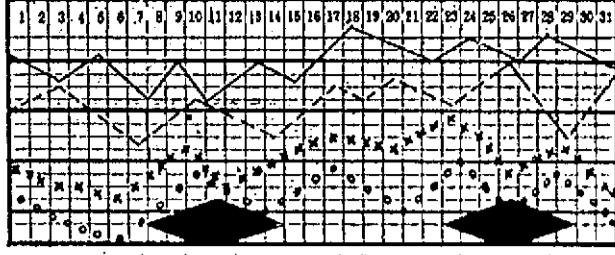
The question of a Soldiers' Bonus has agitated the country more or less for months past. On this question the country seems to be about equally divided. The nation wide poll conducted by the Literary Digest, to date shows 301,872 voters in favor of the bonus and 309,681 against the scheme. The six New England states give 22,148 votes for the measure and 37,500 against. The states of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania give 58,542 votes for and 89,939 against. The great central western states as a whole are in favor of the bonus. This batch of states give 142,686 votes for and 94,664 against the measure.

They have just retired from the native police force of New York the most learned officer in the world, so the Metropolitans claim. He speaks twelve languages and several Indian dialects. He is expert on the deaf and dumb sign language. He has been doctor of medicine and a professor of Greek and Latin in former years. Theodore Roosevelt, when Police Commissioner of New York, twenty-six years ago, appointed him to the police force, on the strength of his ability to quote Virgil. Though what quoting Virgil or speaking a dozen languages has to do with arresting New York's criminals is not apparent to ordinary minds.

The life of a \$5 greenback is claimed to be about ten months on an average. In New York it is said to be two months shorter. Treasury officials report the volume of currency in circulation at the present time to be about \$4,600,000,000. It cost the Federal Bank system last year about \$285,000 to keep this currency in good condition.

The National House of Representatives is back again in Washington, supposedly at work, after a brief holiday recess. They will soon have the tariff bill to contend with and that will keep them busy until after election. The tariff we have always with us.

They have out in Middletown, N. Y., a veteran 96 years old who served under Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, in his expedition to Japan, and is still hale and hearty.

FOSTER'S WEATHER CHART FOR AUGUST 1922

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HERBERT M. LORD
Succeeds General Dawes
as Director of Budget



The most recent portrait of the new director of the budget, former Brig. Gen. Herbert M. Lord. This is the first portrait to be made of Director Lord in civilian clothes since he took up his duties succeeding General Dawes.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE DIES AFTER LONG ILLNESS

Noted English Publicist Is Victim
of Heart Trouble, But Succumbs in Peace.

London.—Viscount Northcliffe, noted British publicist, is dead.

News of Lord Northcliffe's death was given out by the doctors who have been attending him in this bulletin:

"Viscount Northcliffe died at 10:02 o'clock. The end was perfectly peaceful."

The death of no other unofficial person could have made a deeper impression in England than that of Lord Northcliffe. The news was not a surprise, as the bulletins issued by the doctors for the last week plainly indicated that their patient was dying.

Lord Northcliffe was by far the most noted figure in British journalism, and the first question on everyone's lips was as to what effect his death will have on the policies of the Times and his other newspapers, which since the end of the war have strongly opposed the Lloyd George administration and its principles, with the notable exception of its dealings with Ireland, which the Northcliffe press supported throughout.

The medical terms used in giving the cause of Lord Northcliffe's death were ulcerative endocarditis, streptococcal septicemia and terminal syncope.

This, in popular parlance, means an inflammation of the lining membrane of the heart, with consequent infection of the blood, and sudden failure of the heart due to failing.

Alfred Charles William Harmsworth, first Viscount Northcliffe of St. Peter in the County of Kent, was a commanding figure in Great Britain for many years. He was the most conspicuous newspaper man in the empire, and indeed one of the greatest in the world.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

NEW YORK.—Twenty thousand maintenance of way employees of the Pennsylvania and Erie Railroads in the metropolitan district telegraphed their national president demanding that a strike call be issued at once.

CLEVELAND, O.—Louis Yahn, twenty-one years old, of Newark, N. J., and James Ray, twenty-one, mechanic and adviser at the Medina Aviation Club, were killed when their airplane went into a tail spin and fell about 200 feet as they were preparing to land at Chippewa Lake, near Medina, O. Yahn was visiting Ray, his lifelong friend.

PARIS.—Harold F. McCormick married Ganna Walska here.

DETROIT.—Liniment put in nearer to give it a "kick" is responsible for an increasing number of deaths in the Middle West, Charles A. Gregory, Federal prohibition director for Chicago, told a conference of prohibition officers.

SALT LAKE CITY.—United States Senator William H. King, of Utah, was renominated as the party candidate for the November election at the Democratic State convention here. King won on the first ballot and the choice was unanimous.

LONDON.—That ratified copy of the Washington treaties was signed by King George.

LONDON.—Dunn and O'Sullivan, murderers of Sir Henry Wilson, were hanged in Wandsworth jail.

PEKING.—Deaths in the typhoon of August 2 at Swatow, a seaport 250 miles northeast of Hongkong, now are estimated at 50,000.

CLEVELAND.—Actual drafting of a new wage scale, which will form the basis of the return to work of the 60,000 union coal miners who have been on strike since March 31, was begun here.

More than a million ballots will be printed for the Maine biennial state election which will be held on the second Monday of September. This is double the usual amount, the extra ballots being for a referendum to settle the question of a full-time state highway commission.

PRESIDENT'S RAIL MEDIATION FAILS

Executives Make Public Proposal to Reinstate Strikers and Refer Seniority to Board.

PEACE BLOCKED ONCE MORE

Railroads Ask "Hands Off"—Indicate They Expect Fight to Finish in Their Answer to the President—Big Four in Conference.

Washington.—President Harding's plan for a settlement of the railway strike through return of the strikers to work and submission of the seniority issue to the Railroad Labor Board has failed. The railroad executives generally accepted the President's proposal, but it was rejected by the representatives of the striking shopmen.

The President is understood to have abandoned hope of adjusting the rail strike through action on his part as a voluntary mediator, certainly for the time being, on account of the persistent stand taken by the labor union leaders.

The committee headed by T. De Witt Cuyler, representing the railway executives, left Washington for New York after a final conference with the President. If desired by the President, they are willing to return to Washington at any time.

The labor leaders remained in Washington and engaged in a series of conferences without, however, indicating in any way their willingness to accept the President's plan or any other proposal for arbitration of the seniority issue. The labor leaders say they will remain in Washington while the house is in session, or the President sends for them.

The situation, in brief, is as follows:

First.—The President's peace proposal of August 7 was rejected by the representatives of the striking shopmen and the President was so informed during conferences at the White House with those who represented them.

Second.—The railway executives notified the President that the great majority of the railroads of the country had accepted his proposal unconditionally, while those in the minority also accepted it to the extent of putting as many of the strikers as possible back to work and leaving the seniority issue to the Railroad Labor Board.

Third.—The President asked the executives' committee to confer with representatives of the four brotherhoods as spokesmen for the railroad shop union leaders in an effort to find a basis of agreement.

Fourth.—On learning from the railway executives that the conference with the brotherhood leaders was a failure, the President authorized the railway presidents' committee to make public the text of their resolutions of acceptance and indicated his disappointment at the failure of the strikers to accept.

The majority report of the railway presidents informed him that roads having a mileage of 151,524 miles had decided to accept the Presidential proposal to assign all their striking workmen to jobs, leaving the disputed question of seniority to the Railroad Labor Board for decision.

Howard Elliott, chairman of the board of the Northwestern Pacific system, headed the subcommittee of five which handed in this report, which was signed by Mr. Elliott, A. H. Smith, president of the New York Central, Hale Holden, president of the Burlington, Julius Krueckhardt, chairman of the Southern Pacific, and C. H. Markham, president of the Illinois Central.

The minority report, presented by W. W. Atterbury, vice president of the Pennsylvania system, informed the President that the other railroads, having a mileage of 57,222 miles, were willing to assign strikers on their respective roads to their former positions wherever vacancies existed and likewise would agree to refer questions of seniority to the Railroad Labor Board.

President Harding is understood to have been pleased with the replies of the railway presidents. He was disappointed with the rejection of the peace plan by the representatives of the unions, but hopeful that they would swing into line for peace and meet the railway presidents half way.

GRIFFITH, SINN FEINER, DEAD

Cerebral Hemorrhage Fatal to Head of Irish Free State.

DUBLIN.—Arthur Griffith, president of the Dail Eireann, died in St. Vincent's Hospital after collapsing in the hallway when he made an attempt to start for business at his office. Cerebral hemorrhage was the immediate cause of the Free State leader's demise, although he had been suffering from influenza for about a fortnight. An operation was performed a few days before for tonsilitis.

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Living models wearing funeral gowns were a feature of the session of the convention of the Masonic Undertakers' Association at Augusta, Me. The object of this exhibition was to show the funeral directors as well as the general public the most modern tendencies in this important part of the funeral.

More than a million ballots will be printed for the Maine biennial state election which will be held on the second Monday of September. This is double the usual amount, the extra ballots being for a referendum to settle the question of a full-time state highway commission.

SIR RENNELL RODD
Great Britain's Representative
on Warfare Laws Revision



Sir Rennell Rodd is Great Britain's chief delegate on the International commission to revise the laws of warfare.

CONFERENCE OF ALLIES ENDS IN DISCORD

London Meeting Agrees Only to Disagree on Question of Moratorium for Germany.

London.—The thirteenth allied conference on German reparations broke down, "agreeing to disagree," as the spokesman for both France and Great Britain put it, there having been a complete lack of unanimity on the important points discussed.

From its commencement the conference seemed predestined to failure, according to the view expressed by close observers of the situation, and these observers are of the opinion that the failure indicates utter incompatibility between the policies of Great Britain and France toward Germany.

To what extent the recent note of the Earl of Balfour contributed to the results is partly evidenced by the line of the eleventh hour attempt by Signor Schanzer, the leading Italian delegate, at mediation with Premier Lloyd George at Chequers Court Sunday, when the Italian Foreign Minister proposed that discussion of a moratorium for Germany and cognate matters should be adjourned until after the various countries had carried out their debt-funding negotiations with the United States.

Lloyd George submitted this proposition to the conference, but, although it was supported by the other delegates, it was opposed by Premier Poincaré, and thereupon Lloyd George declared he was unable to agree to an adjournment of the conference without a moratorium.

What will happen now is the question of most of the observers of the situation. M. Poincaré says he does not know; that he is not prepared to talk of what France can or might do until he has reflected and taken counsel with the French cabinet.

LONDON.—The latest events at Washington.

Assistant Secretary of Navy Roosevelt announces favorable progress of negotiations for retention of Hockaway, L. I., air station.

Capt. Henry H. Hough of the United States navy was nominated by President Harding to be governor of the Virgin Islands.

The Senate adopted the provisions in the Fordney-McCumber tariff bill embodying President Harding's recommendations for elasticity of rates after making many vital changes. Having limited the operation of its provision to July 1, 1924, the section was adopted by a vote of 36 to 20.

Republican leaders in the Senate have fixed upon Saturday, August 19, as the day for the final vote on passage of the tariff bill.

President grants request of Western Union Cable Company to open Miami-Barbados cable to increase facilities with Europe.

Coal production jumps half million tons in week, Geological Survey announces.

Administration spokesman says coal situation is practically solved and settlement of anthracite controversy is assured.

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Eliza's Courtship Plan

By JESSE DOUGLAS

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The preliminaries of courtship had progressed smoothly enough. Fred Titus had known Eliza Stone only a month; they had danced together, ridden together, motored together. Fred had called several times at the apartment where Eliza, with another young woman, lived in town with a distant cousin of age to act as chaperone. He had also spent the day at the Stone country place, where Eliza spent week-ends—this to give Eliza's parents and brothers and sisters an opportunity to say pleasant or unpleasant things about him. So far, so good. It seemed as if the rest—pleasant little episode of making desperate love to Eliza and being accepted—would be supremely easy.

"Eliza has a lot of funny notions," suggested Mrs. Gifford, who played the role of chaperone, one day when Fred dropped in the apartment on his way from a canter in the park before Eliza had come home from one of her lectures. "She likes men and she thinks a lot of you—it isn't that she is averse to marriage. But she takes herself seriously, or at least with a different sort of seriousness from that of girls when I was young."

This only served to spur Fred on to the final declaration of his love. He determined that the time should be that evening and the place, if Mrs. Gifford would have the good grace to leave them alone, would be the apartment where he was then staying.

And Mrs. Gifford did make or find an excuse and pointedly remarked as she left Eliza and Fred together after Eliza had returned from lectures that she would not be back until half past six, and that Hazel, her other charge, would not be back until after dinner. So there was an hour and a half before them. Surely truth could be plighted in that time after, after all preliminaries had been so carefully arranged.

Eliza refused to be the least bit sentimental. As soon as she launched out on a definite proposal she seemed to command all her powers of reasoning.

"I've been doing a lot of thinking," Eliza began. "Of course it would be the easiest thing in the world to give in completely, yield to the natural inclination and promise to be yours forever."

"Then you love me—Eliza—please."

"Don't be foolish or impudent. That isn't really the point at issue. I tell you I have been thinking a lot lately. Girls have the hardest roles to play in this question of choosing mates. A man goes ahead from the time he is a boy and searches out his natural bent and educates himself to that one goal in view. He wants to be a doctor, or he wants to be a financier, or he wants to build a house—and all his education is directed to that end. He marries and he goes right on being a doctor or financier or a carpenter and his wife lives in a realm of doctoring or financing or house building for the rest of her married life."

"But when a girl starts in to educate herself she has to the back of her mind that, though she would perhaps rather live in the realm of doctoring or financing than anything else, she had better not become too specialized, because, after all, the chances are that she will marry. To become too specialized rather unfitts one for marriage—that is, unless one is lucky enough to marry a man who has specialized in the same way that she has. She always goes about with the feeling that she might marry a lawyer or a writer or a college professor and that she mustn't do anything that would unfit her for anything. So you see a girl wastes a lot of time and mental energy."

"I discovered this state of affairs some time ago," continued Eliza. "I decided that I really did want to marry; that I was best suited to a married life. But I also wanted to have something to do with doctoring. Every one tells me that my talents all lie in that direction. So, though I am not studying medicine for a degree, I have begun taking courses at the medical college. I am going to marry a doctor."

"But suppose the doctor doesn't turn up? That is, suppose you don't happen to fall in love with any of the doctors that want to marry you?"

Eliza smiled a little indulgently. "You put things so bluntly sometimes," said Eliza. "My point is that a woman ought to be specially educated to be a helpful and intelligent wife, and that it is easier to select a husband to suit your capabilities than to modify your capabilities to suit the first man you take a fancy to."

"That's certainly a very interesting theory," agreed Fred Titus. "And you are quite frank in explaining it instead of beating around the bush and keeping me in suspense." Fred held out his hand and said good-by. Obviously there was only one thing he wished to talk about, and that was seemingly taboo. He turned back after he had reached the threshold. "Anyway, you have no personal objections—that is, if I happened to fit in with your scheme of activities you would give me a chance."

Eliza looked reproachful. "You know I would, Fred," she said. "Please don't make me feel any worse about it than I do."

After that, six months passed, but Fred Titus never called at the most remote country home of Eliza Stone. From time to time he wrote to her so that she might not feel that he bore her any resentment. He preferred, he said, not to see her, since she had explained her plan to him.

Then, after the six months had passed and the mild days of spring were alternating with warm days of summer, Eliza returned to her apart-

ment one day to find Fred Titus in the little reception room. The cousin had admitted him, but having an errand had left him alone in the apartment until Eliza's return from classes.

"Are you still sworn to your plan?" Fred asked her after the brief preliminaries of greeting.

"Why, yes," said Eliza, though Fred thought with as much conviction as she had shown six months before.

"Have you found your doctor?"

"No—that is, I haven't found any who appeal to me as possible husbands. But of course I'm ready to marry anyway. After I finish my lectures in medicine I intend to spend a year studying domestic science, so that I can keep house as I should. I want to learn to drive a car, for there will be times at the start when my husband cannot afford a chauffeur. I would like to take a course in dressmaking, because at first doctors have small incomes and we can save so much if I would make my own dresses. It will all take a long time. But it is all part of my plan—I shall never give it up."

"Do you know that I too have a plan?" said Fred, bringing his chair nearer to Eliza. "I want you to let me explain it to you."

"Never imagined you had thought about such things," said Eliza. "That is, I thought you just took life as it came. You have enough money. I thought just keeping track of that was enough to keep you busy. I—"

"Let me explain," interrupted Fred. "I think it is very important for a man to do the kind of work he is best suited for, but I think that very often he doesn't know what he is best suited for. Often it is chance, often he follows the work of his father before him. The important thing is to be thoroughly trained and to make up his mind to make a success. There's another important thing for a man, and that is to marry the girl he loves—especially," said Fred, looking very intently into the eyes of Eliza, "if that girl really loves him."

"Well," continued Fred, "you'd set your heart on marrying a doctor and I'd set my heart on marrying you. After you explained that, I arranged my affairs so that I could neglect them a little and I started studying medicine. I have been working at medical college ever since. I have sometimes seen you in the extension lecture rooms. I've done extra work all winter to make up for lost time. I have still a good many years to go, but there is no rule in the medical college that a student should not marry before he graduates. And fortunately I can afford to marry when I choose. As far as you are concerned—you could cut out that course in dressmaking and housekeeping and motor driving. I guess we won't have to economize as much as that. I don't want you for a chauffeur or a cook or a housekeeper. Don't you think that I've gone half way? You wanted to marry a doctor and I've started out to be one so you could marry me instead of some one you might not love. And you do love me, don't you?"

"Love you—of course I do," said Eliza. But she didn't say that the reason she had taken courses in medicine and the facts behind all her little plan were that she thought Fred Titus ought not to content himself with merely looking after his own money, and that after careful consideration she had decided that what he was best suited for was the career of a doctor.

EXPLAIN SOME EXPRESSIONS

Few Persons Know Real Meaning of the Words They Are Making Use Of.

There are many expressions made use of by persons every day who little know the real meaning of the words they are making use of. Why, for instance, does A 1 mean "first rate" and why does "first rate" mean something of the highest degree of excellence? A 1 is derived from the symbol denoting ships in the best condition in "Lloyd's Registry of Shipping," and "first rate" is an allusion to a warship of the highest class. To have an axe to grind is from the American backwoodsmen's practice of calling at houses ostensibly to grind an axe, but in reality to obtain a drink. Bogus: From Borgese, a swindler who about 1837 in Boston passed worthless securities. To take the cake: Allusion to the prize of a cake in negro cake-walking contests. The deuce: From the German "das dus," a wood demon. To mind one's P's and Q's: A reference to the pints and quarts chalked up in country public houses against credit customers.

Bears Vary in Weight.

An adult polar bear (white bear) is said to weigh sometimes as much as 1,600 pounds, and to have a length of nine feet or more. The Kodiak, or Alaskan, bears—found on Kodiak Island, Alaska, and the mainland near it—are said to be extremely large, some of them (not the largest), weighing 1,200 pounds—while the measurement given for the skin of one was nine feet from paw to paw across the shoulders. A good-sized American grizzly has a length of nine feet and a weight of about 1,000 pounds. Russian brown bears have been known to weigh 800 pounds; the American black bear rarely weighs more than 400 pounds, and a fair-sized Indian brown bear has a weight of from 200 to 300 pounds.

The Word Cockle.

"To warm the cockles of one's heart" has several strange derivations. The word cockle is said to have been derived from the resemblance in shape between a cockleshell and a heart; from the resemblance between the Greek word for heart, καρδία, and the Latin word for cockle, cardium; and from the Latin word cardine, meaning ventricle, a small cavity in an animal body.

Can Buy Joy Rides.

Money can't do everything, but there's a tendency in human nature to be pretty well satisfied with the things it can do.

MICA NOW IN GREAT DEMAND

As Perfect Insulator It Has Important and Varied Uses in Electrical Industry.

FOUND IN THREE COUNTRIES

Possesses Combination of Special Qualities Found in no Other Substance—No Satisfactory Substitute Found.

Washington.—Do you remember how you used to sit before the old barrel stove in the parlor, or before that "new-fangled" latrobe, watching the glow of the cheery winter fire through the "singlass windows"? You may think that since the basement furnace has generally supplanted the troublesome pesky things the producers of "singlass" must have long since gone bankrupt; but there's more demand for it now than ever before, says the United States bureau of mines.

Any way, it was not singlass at all in the front of the stove. Had it been, it would have lasted as long as paper, for singlass is made of the air-bladders of certain fish and is a soluble combustible substance. What really was in the stove windows was mica, one of the oddest of natural substances, and which is now one of the greatest boons in the electrical industry as a perfect insulator. So important is mica, in electrical goods, it is declared, that many of the larger electrical supply manufacturing companies own and operate their own mica mines.

Split Into Thin Plates.

Mica, says the bureau, includes a group of several minerals characterized by a perfect basal cleavage by virtue of which they may be split into exceedingly thin plates.

How often as a youngster did you make wonderful thins of "gold" or "silver" among the rock deposits near the homestead? Of course, the dreams of wealth vanished when you found the silvery or golden flakes were only mica. Such mica has no commercial value; it is only when it occurs in large deposits where it appears in books fairly free from defects, varying in width and length from a few inches to feet and up to six inches or more in thickness it is of value.

Of the several varieties of the mineral, only two are of commercial value, the "muscovite" or white mica, and the "phlogopite" or amber, Indian, Canada, and the United States are the chief producers.

Has Special Qualities.

Mica possesses a combination of special qualities which is found in no other substance, consequently no satisfactory substitute has been found. Chief among these qualities are elasticity, toughness, flexibility, transparency, ability to withstand excessive heat and sudden changes of temperature, high dielectric strength, cleavability and resistance to decomposition.

An important use of electrical mica is for interleaving between the copper segments of commutators. Thin films are used in vast numbers in condensers for magnetos and in wireless apparatus. As sheets in greatly diversified shapes, or as washers and tubes, mica is used extensively as an insulator in dynamos and in various appliances, in fuse boxes, sockets, insulators, electric heaters, fenders, telephones, etc.

As a heat-resisting, transparent medium, sheet mica is still used in furniture, light holes, for heat screens, lamp chimneys, canopies and shades, particularly for gas mantles, also for military lanterns and lantern slides. Its ability to withstand strains and shocks, combined with its transparency, has led to wide use in motor goggles, spectacles, divers' helmets, smoke helmets, compass cards, gage fronts and in windows subject to shock such as in the conning towers of battleships.

DESIGN PLANE TO CARRY 100.

Americans Challenge Foreign Air Ministers to International Race Around World.

New York.—The American Eagle, a 100-passenger biplane, with which it is planned to circumnavigate the globe, has been designed by a group of American experts and plans are being made to begin work on the monster ship at an early date. Announcement to this effect was made by the American Eagle company, recently formed by a group of engineers and airmen to back the building and operation of the plant.

The engineers cubed a challenge for an international race around the world in similar planes to all important foreign air ministries, signed by Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, U. S. N., retired, honorary president of the organization.

Woman Stung to Death When Cow Kicks Beehive

Cairo, Ill.—Miss Missouri Durham, sixty-five years old, died of injuries sustained when she was attacked by a swarm of bees which had been stirred up by a cow kicking over the hive.

Making Matches.

Matches are turned out in huge quantities by machinery. The matches now in use cut up great planks of wood into match splints at lightning speed. The ends of the splints are then passed through a paraffin bath and receive their heads.

Can Buy Joy Rides.

Money can't do everything, but there's a tendency in human nature to be pretty well satisfied with the things it can do.

Whale Digs in Surf to Get Rid of Barnacles

Moelis, Wash.—The curious sight of a large gray whale playing inshore was observed here recently. The whale came in through the surf, where the depth of water was hardly sufficient to float it. It lay 20 to 30 minutes in the breakers, rolling and playing, and then ended the sport by nuking a playful spring with bended stakes, the immense body alighting on the surface of the sea with a tremendous smash, audible for a mile or so.

It is believed the whale came into the sandy beach to rub away clusters of barnacles and other parasitic crustaceans.

TIRANA IS NEW TOY CAPITAL

Wagon Road is Only Means of Communication Between Albanian City and Seaport.

Tirana, Albania.—The distinction of being the "toy capital of Europe," so long enjoyed by Cetinje, the old site of the palace and court of King Nicholas of Montenegro, falls now to Tirana, the capital of Albania, where regents, chiefs, boys, ministers and diplomats are beginning to congregate to set up the governmental magnificence of the new state, the last to be admitted into the League of Nations.

Tirana still burns oil for light. She has no communication with the outside world except a wagon road leading to her seaport, Durazzo. She boasts a market place and five mosques and has lately adapted an old building into a hotel called the International Hotel. The government palaces are scattered throughout her winding, narrow streets, which are lined with merchants displaying their wares sitting with crossed legs in the Arab fashion.

The stores and houses, roofed with a red tile, are all of one story. Distinction is given to the government buildings in the fact that they have two stories. All are old buildings adapted to the use of the government by the introduction of a few chairs and desks. Each building has no more than six or eight rooms. The ministers enter their offices with great solemnity and ceremony. Orderlies and ushers stand at attention while the heads pass. Inside his office, the minister calls his ushers by an old-fashioned table bell, electric bells being wholly unknown in this primitive land. With stern severity, every one addresses the minister as "your excellency."

Diplomats have only a legal residence in Tirana. Minister Ayers, the British plenipotentiary, who has the unique dignity of being the representative of the only country to recognize Albania formally, lives in Durazzo, making the trip to Tirana when state functions demand it. Italy also maintains a diplomatic residence in Durazzo.

FIFTY YEARS A TEACHER



Mrs. Bene B. Sterling of Little Rock, Ark., holds the unique record of fifty years of teaching in the public schools of that city. She was born in Vicksburg, Miss., 81 years ago and came to Little Rock in 1872. She began teaching shortly after the death of her husband and is still on the job. She estimates that she has had 8,000 men and women of Little Rock in her classes at some time during their school lives.

HELD UP ON WAY TO DOCTOR

Negro Bandit Inflicts Scalp Wound in Struggle With Blind Victim In New York.

New York.—Walter A. Green, a 65-year-old man, accidentally used iodine on his eyes instead of an eye wash and was temporarily blinded. He put on a few clothes and was hurrying to the doctor's when a negro stopped him and hit him on the head, inflicting a scalp wound.

Green fought. The police say he pulled a revolver and fired one shot during the struggle. Then, they say, the negro took the pistol from him and ran away with it. Green and his wife say he had only an imitation revolver, which was a perfume sprayer. Green's head and eye were treated in a hospital.

Plants.

When branches of a house plant start to die, clip them off. This aids in keeping the plant in best proper shape.

Psychological Benefit.

"You are strong for civil service regulations."

"I am," replied Senator Borgham.

"Even if they do not succeed in holding a man in his position they have a

confidential.

The Lazy Man.

Nature is good and kind and all

that, but it has no use for a lazy man.

The minute he quits hoeing he starts

filling up his garden with weeds.

Just So.

It is easy to preach contentment

when you have all the cake.

TRUTH ABOUT LUCK

May Be Good or Bad, but All

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Mercury August 17, 1822

The Rhode Island Coal Company offer for sale their Coal Mine and lands in Portsmouth on Rhode Island, comprising about 168 acres, with all their mining establishment. There is no coal superior to that of Rhode Island for brewers and malters, and all kinds of iron works. The increasing demand for fuel in the Northern and Eastern states will soon call for vast quantities of this coal. (So reads the advertisement, but the demand does not seem to have materialized during the hundred years.)

Yesterday morning about 2 o'clock the inhabitants of this town were alarmed by the cry of fire, which proved to be on Long wharf. It commenced in the stable belonging to Capt. J. C. Almy, and in a few moments communicated to the dwelling house on the east, belonging to the same estate, occupied by Benj. Whitman; and the dwelling house and store on the west, belonging to Asher Robbins, Esq. Before the fire was under way these buildings were nearly consumed. The adjoining dwelling house of Jesse Dunham was several times on fire, and had not the wind changed the whole south part of the town must have been destroyed. Great credit is due the fire-wards, engineers and the citizens; and to Major Crane and the soldiers from Fort Wolcott. As for the origin of the fire no satisfactory account can be given, but it is thought to have been incendiary.

The U. S. Frigate Macedonian, 36 guns, Capt. Biddle, arrived on the 6th inst. from a cruise, in which she stopped at Havana, Hayti, etc. During the cruise she lost 76 of her crew.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, August 17, 1872

"Newport has not had a very large number of visitors this summer, and this is attributed to the overreaching avarice of some of her inhabitants." The above is from the New York Commercial, and in the language of Horace Greeley, we pronounce it a lie, for Newport HAS a very large number of visitors, more than was ever here before.

The Newport lecture committee have secured John B. Gough for the opening lecture on the 7th of October. The other lecturers will be Harriet Beecher Stowe, Gen. Kilpatrick, Gen. J. L. Swift, George Willian Curtis, and James T. Fields.

The Newport Artillery has voted to pass the 10th of September at the Stone Bridge House, accompanied by the Newport Brass Band.

Secretary of the Treasury Boutwell is in this city at present, the guest of Mr. Gardner Brewer.

The northeast section of Broad street, after many unsuccessful efforts to make it passable at all seasons of the year, has had a most thorough re-constructing, as the expense account is about \$10,000. This work furnished employment for sixty-six men and a large number of teams.

On Narragansett avenue the big sewer is being pushed through and sixteen men have been at work on it for some time.

At last the improvements on the post office are completed, and if they are not what they should be, the benefits are so great that we should be thankful.

A young lady of Lee, Mass., sold her hair, which reached almost to the ground to a Pittsfield hairdresser for fifty-five dollars. (Young ladies of the present day, please take notice.)

The Neptune will be the name of the new lodge of Odd Fellows soon to be instituted at Block Island.

Mr. Mori, the Japanese minister to this country, paid us a visit this week. While here he called on Mrs. Belmont, daughter of the late Commodore M. C. Perry, who was so successful in opening up the gates of Japan to the outer world. He also called on His Honor the Mayor, and enjoyed a drive on the avenue with Henry M. Fay, Esq.

The Glen Farm has been finally sold to Mr. Halsey P. Coon of Clayville, N. Y., for \$12,175. Cheap enough.

As we do not notice in the Providence papers a Sunday excursion to Newport for tomorrow, we presume the Company has decided to let us have the day to ourselves. Was it not little singular that Newport should be made the landing place on the Sabbath rather than Rocky Point?

The Narragansett Steamship Company have libeled the Bark B. Rogers in the sum of \$50,000 for causing the accident to the Steamer Bristol.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, August 21, 1897

Among the veterans who came Thursday with the Third R. I. Heavy Artillery Association were General Charles R. Brayton, formerly Colonel of the regiment, Captain Charles E. Gray, Prof. Alonzo Williams of Brown University and Colonel Charles H. Williams. They were entertained by Congressman Bull.

Newport was visited by the heaviest thunder storm in its history on Sunday and Monday of this week. The lightning struck in many places in the city and on the island. The Newport firemen were called to Hockyn Hill where a hay stack was on fire. Soon the house of W. H. Morrison on Aquidneck avenue was struck and burned. Soon after the city firemen reached the Morrison fire they were notified that F. A. Smith's barn on Love Lane, Middletown, had been consumed and were asked to go and protect the rest of the buildings. Several places in Jamestown were struck, including Hotel Thorndike and one of the cottages. The hay stacks that were consumed during the two days' storm are well nigh numberless.

The Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery Veteran Association at its annual reunion in Providence, Thurs-

day, Commander William S. Bailey of this city was in command of the line.

Mr. William H. Barber of New York, a Newport boy, has been visiting friends here this week. Mr. Barber is with one of the largest flour establishments in the country.

At the annual meeting of the shareholders of Redwood Library, Wednesday, Henry G. Marquand was elected president, Arthur B. Emmons vice president, Hamilton B. Tompkins secretary, and Thomas P. Peckham treasurer.

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Ex-Governor Flower of New York says, "Let us not sit on the coat-tails of progress and holler whoa." That is about what his party has been trying to do for months past but just now their seats seem somewhat insecure.

Horses that have been selling in the Northwest at \$2 apiece are now worth \$20 to \$30 for the Alaskan market. The outlook for the noble animal seemed better till it was learned that he is eventually used in Alaska for dog meat.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Berkeley Sewing Club Wins Honors

The Berkeley Sewing Club of this town has been chosen to send representatives to the Springfield exposition. This club is one of the four organizations from this state to send a demonstration team of four girls to Camp Vail at the Eastern States Exposition in Springfield on September 16-23. The Berkeley Club numbers 45 girls, 22 of which are directly under Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham, and the 23 younger girls are under the leadership of Mrs. Benj. W. H. Peckham. Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham has charge of both divisions, assisted by Mrs. James E. Knott, Jr., the home demonstrator of the Newport County Farm Bureau.

This is the first time in a number of years that this state has been represented at this Exposition. There are 168 boys' and girls' clubs in this state and 2500 members.

The demonstration team will be chosen according to their ability to demonstrate and judge. These clubs study canning, poultry raising, gardening, handicraft, rabbit raising and cooking as well as sewing.

Rev. Reginald Pearce conducted the morning service in St. Columba's Chapel on Sunday morning in the absence of the rector, Rev. James H. S. Fair. Rev. and Mrs. Fair are enjoying their vacation. Mrs. Pearce entertained the ladies of St. Columba's Guild at her home on Thursday afternoon. Next Sunday morning the services will be conducted by Rev. Latta Griswold, who was formerly a rector of the church and also a teacher at St. George's School.

Mrs. Fred P. Webber and her two daughters, Misses Carolyn and Ruth, are spending a week with relatives and friends in Dennis, Mass.

Mrs. Thomas H. Wyllie is visiting her sister, Mrs. William C. Goodchild in Springfield, Mass.

The Men's Community Club of St. Mary's parish held one of its whisks at the Holy Cross Guild House on Thursday evening. The affair was in charge of Mr. Benjamin Thurston and the proceeds will be added to the enlargement fund of the parish house.

The program committee of the Oliphant Reading Club has completed the program for the ensuing year and the first meeting will be held with the president, Mrs. Mary Z. B. Thomas, on October 6. The subject will be "The Radio." On October 20 Mrs. Lilla Peckham will be the hostess, the "Junior Red Cross." The special work for the year will be sewing for the Newport Hospital and the Sophia Little Home of Providence.

The prayer meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church was omitted on Wednesday evening. The Ladies' Aid Society held their annual cake sale on Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. George H. Irish.

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The Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery Veteran Association at its annual reunion in Providence, Thurs-

NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE RAILWAY COMPANY

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

Week Days—4:35, 8:50 and each hour to 4:50

Sundays—8:50 and each hour to 7:30

SEEDS SEEDS

We have unloaded a full line of the famous

H. C. ANTHONY SEEDS

for the season of 1922 and can supply your needs from an ounce to a ton.

GET OUR PRICES THEY WILL SURPRISE YOU

ALL NEW STOCK

Mackenzie & Winslow INCORPORATED

HAY, STRAW, GRAIN, SALT

Telephones 181 and 208

THE

Newport Gas Light Co

NO

COKE for Sale

AT PRESENT

New York

VIA FALL RIVER LINE

Fare \$4.44

Large, Comfortable

Staterooms

Orchestra on

each Steamer

Daylight Saving Time

Lv. Newport, (Long Wharf) 9:45 P.M.

Due New York 7:00 A.M.

Leaves Long Wharf 9:05 a.m. 12:05 p.m. 3:05 p.m.

Returning due 11:50 a.m. 2:55 p.m. 5:50 p.m.

Special Evening Trip on Fridays only

Leaving at 6:40 p.m. Returning at 9:40 p.m.

A limited number of tickets

on sale each day. Good

only on date of sale.

REDUCED ONE-DAY EXCURSION FARES

Newport to Wickford Landing

AND RETURN

A delightful sail across Narragansett Bay

Refreshments Served

STEAMER "GENERAL"

SCHEDULE — WEEKDAYS ONLY — EASTERN STANDARD TIME

Leaves Long Wharf 9:05 a.m. 12:05 p.m. 3:05 p.m.

Returning due 11:50 a.m. 2:55 p.m. 5:50 p.m.

Special Evening Trip on Fridays only

Leaving at 6:40 p.m. Returning at 9:40 p.m.

A limited number of tickets

on sale each day. Good

only on date of sale.

ROUND TRIP FARE \$1.25

The New England Steamship Company

37 West 37th Street, New York

A. H. GREEN & SON

Branch now open at

Dinsdale Cottage, Berkeley Ave.

Newport, R. I.

Complete line of furs on hand

Orders taken for remodeling

8-12

DUNCAN A. HAZARD Clerk

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